

## **Nydvind**

# **"Riding Majestic Crests"**

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From the highest summits  
Bitten by impetuous winds  
To valleys enshrined in snow  
The tribe rides elder paths

The Sons of North  
Carried by their steed, nostrils fuming in frozen dawn  
Galloping from collars to crests  
Enfeoffed lords in a mortal world

Carrying the banner of the ravens  
Masters of immaculate tops  
Living memory of Nordic lands  
Last keepers of the Heathen faith

The proud hordes defy the one god, nothing can soil  
their ancient beliefs  
They gall the sky of their hoof, grazing heaven of their  
swords  
Their tribal chants exult such an anthem to the battle

Protecting their fatherland, till' the snow be redden by  
blood  
Shadows of the ravens plane over the mount and  
valleys  
The gallop of the war horses will rumble loud once  
again

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